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# Northern Messenger

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## An African Fashion

(By Julia Macnair Wright, in 'Forward.')

Some people are very fond of finding fault and making statements about matters of which they really know little. These critics return frequently to the theme of the magnificent homes of missionaries—even in Africa.

Wearied by these remarks, a friend of missions wrote to ten missionaries in Africa these queries: 'How large is your house?' 'Of what is it made?'

The answers returned were: 'One story high; two rooms.' 'Built of mud and sticks.'

The grumblers said, 'Missionaries had no right to live in vile huts; it degraded their cause.'

Said the missionaries, 'We have no other material but mud and sticks, with leaf thatch; all the chiefs live in similar houses.'

THE HOME OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

An African chief sets up a row of poles, weaves other poles in and out, daubs this foundation with mud, thatches it with leaves, and possibly covers the walls with white lime wash. We say the chief does it; we mean, he orders it done, and sits and looks on while his wives do the work. The house is under a great tree, and about it are built other similar rooms; for storage, for council meetings, for the wives—according to the wealth of the chief. The woods about the house glow with bright-winged birds and gay-colored flowers. The chief has no aviary or flower garden; his taste does not lie in that direction. His wives have yards full of chickens; the chief plants, instead of flowers, a great ring of bare poles near his dwelling, and here he exhibits his treasures—the refuse of the white trader. Empty tin cans, battered metal cups, broken crockery and bottles, bottles, bottles!

The bottles are stuck on the poles; the sun flashing against the dark glass brings out the red, blue, green, purple color, and the chief thinks the exhibition magnificent.

The immense number of bottles about every African home suggests the shameful extent of the liquor traffic in that unfortunate country where strong drink and slave markets have been the gifts of the favored white races.

One dangerous and hated visitor goes often to the chief's house—indeed to every African house. Along the road, across the grass, you suddenly see what might easily be mistaken for a moving brown rope about six inches in diameter, its length lost in the herbage as it writhes and twists along. A snake? No. A column of driver ants, when it reaches a house it takes possession, and sweeps all before it. Living creatures fly or die; books, food, clothing are devoured as if by the breath of fire. By lighting the grass in the path of their advance, they can be turned aside, or by surrounding the house by a deep band of some fine, floury substance that will cling to the ants' legs and hinder motion, the march can be checked, if seen in time.

When an African chief becomes interested in true religion and desires instruction, he frequently makes a gift of several of his mud, stick and leaf houses to serve as a chapel, school house and missionary's house. When books and preaching have enlightened him, his bottle yard is exchanged for a vegetable garden.

## A Navvy's Wife's Fourpenny Testament.

'I have not seen a Bible for sixteen years.' This was said by a poor woman, a navvy's wife, living in a lonely village on the Wiltshire downs, to a colporteur who offered her for sale a fourpenny Testament. It was down a little court in the village, where the colporteur found two or three untidy-looking women standing gossiping. As soon as he produced the Testament all the women left except one, who listened quietly as he spoke of the Word of God and the message of salvation, and then said sadly, 'I haven't seen a Bible for sixteen years—not since I was married.' She said she would like to have the Testament, but had no money; would he trust her? and she would be sure to pay him next time he came. Seeing that she really wanted it, he said he would give it to her, which he did, after marking a few passages for her.

About a month afterwards he again visited the village and called at this woman's house. As soon as she opened the door he could see there was a difference; her very appearance was altered; she was cleaner and tidier, and with a bright smile she welcomed him and invited him to come in. She then narrated what had taken place since his previous visit. She told him that as she read the Word of God she became more and more convinced of sin, until one night she was so miserable she could not sleep, but lay tossing on her pillow till about midnight, when she seemed to hear a voice saying to her, 'Get up and read your Testament.' Doubtless it was the Holy Spirit speaking to her heart, but to her it was so real, it seemed like a voice in her ear. She arose, lit her candle, sat down, and read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel.

When she came to the sixteenth verse, she said, she read it over and over again, and it seemed to go through and through her, till, kneeling down at her table, she poured out her confessions to God, and soon had the joyful knowledge of sin forgiven. She had told her husband, but he was very angry, and had begun to persecute her on account of her 'religion,' and she asked the colporteur to pray for his conversion. The entrance of God's Word had given her light and joy and peace.

The Christian Colportage Association has now a staff of 130 colporteurs, who in town and country have circulated 900,000 Bibles and Testaments and fourteen millions of books and magazines, while eleven millions of Gospel tracts have been distributed free.—'Christian Herald.'

## His Call to Preach.

('Youth's Companion.')

Bishop Matthew Simpson has told in a most touching manner the story of the early struggles that led him to the ministry. As he left boyhood behind, the conviction grew upon him that he must preach. But how could he? He was halting in speech, with a harsh voice and with an impossible manner of declamation—the last one to face an audience.

After turning the question over in his mind many times, with increasing discouragement, he at length reluctantly dismissed it and took a three years' course in a medical college.

But the idea of entering the ministry haunted him day and night, so that it almost seemed to him, as he said, that if he 'did not become a preacher he could not be saved.'

This led him to pray over the matter and, as a result, the morbid anxiety that had grown upon him vanished entirely one day at the sight of a scripture text: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.' The words had been written on purpose for him, he said to himself; and from that time he felt content to let God decide his course.

A day came when his obedience to the di-

vine direction was tested. The impression came upon him very strongly that he ought to speak at a certain prayer-meeting, because the minister was away. 'But how can I?' he said. 'I shall make a fool of myself. What will my friends say—and my uncle?' Above all people, young Matthew dreaded that old uncle.

Afternoon came. He was trembling with indecision. To his amazement his uncle looked up and said:

'Don't you think you could speak—to the people to-night?'

'But do you think I ought to?'

'Yes, I think you can do good,' was the grave reply.

The young man spoke. He carried the crowded audience with him. His words had power because they came from a full heart.

The experience of that evening was a revelation. After those three years of unwilling study he recognized his 'call,' and in no uncertain voice. But even now he was troubled, so that he did not dare to decide 'yes.' His mother was a widow, and Matthew felt that it would break her heart to have him change his profession and leave home. After many struggles he decided to tell her what he thought God required of him.

'Never,' he said, 'shall I forget how my mother turned upon me with a smile and said: "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born." '

Then she told him how she and his father —who was then a dying man—kneeled beside the infant in the cradle, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he might become a minister. And she added that not a day had passed but that a repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.

And yet the mother never intimated to her son the secret of her heart's desire. She was one of the reserved women of the old time. That talk crystallized the young man's purpose, and young Simpson went forth to his wonderful career.

## Heber's Missionary Hymn.

The famous Missionary Hymn beginning: 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' was written by Bishop Heber, because of a royal proclamation issued in February, 1819, asking for contributions in all the churches and chapels of Great Britain for the 'Society for Propagating the Gospel.' The dean of St. Asaph, the father of Mrs. Heber, had appointed Sabbath, May 30, of that year, for the collection at the parish church of Wrexham, of which he was rector, and Heber was to preach in that church on the evening of that Sabbath. On the evening before Heber and his father-in-law were sitting together, with a few friends, talking about the services of the following day, when the latter, knowing the poetical ability of his son-in-law, requested him to write something to be sung in the church in the morning in connection with the missionary sermon. Heber went to another part of the room. After three verses had been completed the father-in-law inquired, 'What have you written?' Heber read the three verses, and the father-in-law said, 'There, then, that will do very well.' 'No, no,' replied Heber, 'the sense is not complete.' He then wrote the fourth verse. This is the missionary hymn that has never been superceded. It has been sung in every land, and no missionary meeting is considered complete without it.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

[For the 'Messenger.'

## Love.

(By Ada Chapman.)

What a wonderful revelation is the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians to us of the character and quality of charity, or love, such as God understands it and means us to understand it.

If we hear an eloquent speaker, one who, as it were, 'speaks with the tongues of men and angels,' we are impressed with his eloquence, and, naturally so, for is it not one of God's gifts to men? And, one, too, which he uses very much in moving the hearts of sinners to seek salvation? But, if the heart of that eloquent speaker has no love to God and his fellowmen in it, if he uses this wonderful gift of God in sounding his own praises, or in puffing up some vain, empty philosophy, or worse still, in direct opposition to God's very being and existence, proclaiming himself the fool that he is by his avowal that there is no God, of what use is his gift, either to himself or others? Does it make him a happier, nobler man? Does it help and strengthen his fellowmen in their daily battle of life? Does it encourage or uplift them above the sordid cares of poverty, or when their feet have slipped in the mire? No, if he has not love, and Christ-like, God-like love at that, he becomes 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' Nothing better than a something that can make a noise. He has no more soul in his eloquence than there is in the noise produced when an old tin kettle is beaten with a stick.

'And though I have the gift of prophecies and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge' what will this profit me if I have not the love of God in my heart? This wonderful, Calvary love, which prompted Christ to suffer and die for us! What does the knowledge of the struggles of ancient kingdoms, their manners, customs, warfares, languages and civilization profit us if we have not the love of God in our hearts, which will enable us to profit by their mistakes, and take all we can learn from them to help us in uplifting our fellowmen in our own generation? Nothing! We must have this great love in our hearts, which is the mainspring of all true, noble life, and it is centred in Christ. 'Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

What does all head knowledge of the word of God without heart knowledge profit us? What about theology, is it of any use without this love? Did it ever save a soul from sin? Will it bring men to Christ? Yet it can tell you a great deal about God and Christ, righteousness, faith, hope, and even love, but if we have all this knowledge, and can foretell future events and all the mysteries that have puzzled the heads of the human race since the beginning of the world, and have not charity, we are as nothing in God's sight, no nothing.

Yet, deeper, again, we may go, even so far as to have faith (not common everyday faith, if there is such a thing) 'but all faith so that we could remove mountains.' Here, again, we are brought to a standstill, we are still useless without this wonderful love, we are nothing without it. Surely, one would say, If I have faith and am an orthodox Christian, I am all right. Doesn't the Bible tell us to 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?'

Right, you are, my friend, but 'devils believe and tremble,' so there must be two kinds of believing and faith, just as there are two kinds of repentance, and there is also a faith which without love profiteth nothing; indeed, it will be a witness against us in the day of judgment.

We are confronted, last of all, with an apparently unsurmountable difficulty. Here we have what is commonly accepted as charity, and, indeed, it is beyond common charity, for though we bestow all to 'feed the poor, and though we give our bodies to be burned, become even a martyr at the stake, without this mighty, wonderful love of Christ in our hearts, we are nothing.

It profiteth me nothing, saith the apostle, for I am no more like Christ. We are only profited as we become more like Christ. The measure of a Christian's wealth, power and influence, is all summed up in the measure he has of the Spirit of Christ.

What, then, is this wonderful, mighty love, which is so indispensable to the Christian character? What it is we hardly know, but the effect it has on our hearts and lives we do know and can see it in the lives of others and in the history of nations.

'Charity suffereth long; and is kind.' Kind even while suffering long. Could we give this character to eloquence, knowledge or faith? No, indeed, for they are only means to an end, while love is an end in itself, for God is love. It is his character and must be ours if we are like him. Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. No, it could not be love if it did anything like this, for love does not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is unselfish and thoughtful of the cares and interests of others. 'Is not easily provoked.' We never hear of love quarrelling, though we sometimes meet with cases where love in righteous indignation at the oppression of the weak, arises in the power and strength of love to set wrongs right; but she is not easily provoked, she is pure in heart, thinking no evil. She rejoices in all that is pure, holy, true and of good report, bearing patiently all that is adverse, believing and hoping that in the end all things work together for good.

Love cannot fail. There will come a day when time shall be no more, and then prophecies will fail and not be needed, all having been fulfilled. But love will be needed, for it will be the very atmosphere of the heavenly city. Tongues shall cease for we shall all sing the praises of the Lord in the songs of the redeemed. The language of heaven will be love. 'Knowledge will vanish away' in the one great theme 'Redemption's story,' the love of God to man. Therefore, follow after charity, for it is the greatest, most enduring and eternal thing, the balm of life here below and the essence of life above where we shall dwell for ever with him whose name is Love.


## Truly World Wide.

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# LITTLE FOLKS

## How Sidney 'Worked up.'

(By J. L. Harbour, in 'Forward.')

The two Lindley boys, Ben and Sydney, were hoeing corn in a small field back of the little and old farmhouse in which they lived. Ben was a tall, large-framed, muscular boy of nineteen, while Sydney was much slighter and far less vigorous looking, although he had always had perfect health. Ben swung his hoe with great energy, and his whole bearing was that of a boy who really liked to work. Sydney dawdled. He was far behind Ben, and it was evident that he had no interest in his work. Ben whistled and sang occasional snatches of song. Sydney's face wore a half-sullen expression, and he neither whistled nor sung.

Ben hoed to the end of his row and stood leaning against the rail fence under an old apple tree waiting for Sydney to finish his row.

'Come along, Syd,' called out Ben, cheerily. 'We can't get this piece done to-day if you don't work a little faster.'

'I don't care if we don't get it done for a week,' replied Sydney, surlily.

A frown came to Ben's brown face. 'See here, Syd,' he said, 'what is the matter with you? You have been moping for three or four days, and you have not half done the work you have tried to do. Now what is the matter?'

'The matter is that I am sick and tired to death of this old farm, and of this stupid country life in general. I hate it. It is a regular treadmill sort of a life, and I want to get away from it. I would rather die than be a farmer. There is no money and no pleasure in it. Joe Hixon is getting eight dollars a week clerking in the city, and we don't ever see eight dollars at one time on this old farm.'

'Joe pays five dollars a week for his room and board, and another dollar for his washing and car fare; so he really has but eight dollars a month clear profit, and it must take about all of that to dress as he feels he must dress, in his position. However, Syd, you may try city life if you can get a place there.'

Ben sat down on the grass beside Sydney, who had thrown himself under the old apple tree, and added, seriously: 'I realize as well as you do that you are not "cut out" for a farmer. I am. I love the country, and I never intend to live in any other place than on this old farm. I shall never get much more than a comfortable living from it, but I shall lead a quiet, healthful, peaceful life, and I shall have the riches that come from contentment with my lot. But I have no right to ask you to live a life you do not like and to which you are not adapted. Now I have two hundred dollars saved toward the five-hundred-dollar mortgage on the farm. I am going to take that money and send you to the city for a regular course in some good business college, and'—

'Oh, Ben!' Sydney's eyes were shining now, and the sullen look had gone from his face. He had jumped to his feet in his excitement.

'Sit down. I want to have a long talk with you. I have been thinking about this matter for a good while. You know how hard it has been for me to save the money I am going to give you, and how hard it will be for me to save that much more, and make the improvements that must be made before the farm can be brought up to the highest state of productiveness. So I want you to make the very best use of that money and of your time. I want you to be something better than an ordinary clerk, if you are to enter the world of business. You must fit yourself for something higher than that.'

The brothers sat under the tree talking until their Aunt Hannah, who was their housekeeper, came out on the little back porch and blew the dinner horn.

At length the day came when Sydney was to start for the city. He was radiantly happy, and it pained Ben a little to think that he should be so glad and so eager to get away from the home of his childhood and his only brother.

'Good-by, Ben!' called out Sydney, cheerily, as he waved his hand from the platform of the rear car as the train pulled out from the station.

'Good-by!' replied Ben, with the mental comment that he hoped Sydney might always be as happy as he was at that moment.

Ben went back to the hard work of the farm, and there came to him long and glowing letters from Sydney describing the delights of the city. He even advised Ben to leave the 'poky old farm' and come to the city where he would 'see life,' and where he could make money much faster than he could "grubbing away on that old farm, seeing and hearing nothing.'

It had been estimated that the two hundred dollars Ben had given Sydney would carry him through the time it would take him to learn bookkeeping and stenography; but within three months Sydney wrote that there had been so many 'incidental expenses' that he would need more money with which to finish his course, and Ben forwarded fifty dollars more. Another fifty had to be sent before Sydney could secure a position after he was graduated. He finally obtained a place with a salary of ten dollars a week, and a chance to 'work up.'

'It is a good place,' he wrote to Ben; 'and I can save some money after I have bought some new clothes. My clothes have about given out, and the firm I am with expect their employees to dress pretty well.'

He did not add that he had ordered a tailor-made suit to cost forty dollars, to be paid for in weekly instalments of three dollars a week, nor did he say anything about the showy gold watch and chain he had bought 'on instalments.'

He had felt so rich with his ten dollars a week, and the prospect of 'working up,' that he had given up the little hall bedroom and taken a room with an acquaintance, for which he paid one dollar and a half more a week. His new friend had a salary of sixteen dollars a week and spent eighteen, because he, too, had been promised an increase of salary 'some time.'

YOU ARE IN SOME SORT OF TROUBLE. NOW WHAT HAS GONE WRONG?

Sydney found that there were a great many incidental expenses crowding in upon him. This was largely because he tried to do with his salary of ten dollars all that his roommate did with sixteen. Sydney had not the moral force to say 'No' to anything his roommate proposed. They went to the theatre and to concerts, and allowed their money to go for all sorts of things that neither of them needed and for much that they would have been better without. There were nights when Sydney tossed on his pillow, unable to sleep because of anxiety regarding his money affairs, and the net of indebtedness into which he was allowing himself to be drawn. There were nights when he thought with real envy of Ben sleeping peacefully and soundly after his day of honest toil.

Two years has passed since the day when Ben had told Sydney that he might go to the city to seek his fortune, and Ben was hoeing corn in the same field in which he and Sydney had hoed that day. Sydney had not been home since he had first gone away. He

had chosen to go to the seashore or to the mountains during his two weeks' summer vacation, but he had promised Ben that he would surely come home to spend his next one. Ben was thinking of that promise as he worked. He had hoed to the end of the row, and was resting for a moment under the old apple tree by the fence, when he heard a slight noise behind him. He looked round, and there stood Sydney on the other side of the tree.

'Why, Syd!' exclaimed Ben, joyfully jumping to his feet and hurrying to meet his brother, with both hands held out in welcome.

'Hello, Ben,' said Sydney, extending one hand slowly and casting down his eyes.

'You are not well, are you, Syd?' asked Ben. 'You are a good deal taller than when you went away, but you are thinner, and you don't look well. I am glad that you came back to the farm for your vacation. We will'—

'It isn't my vacation,' interrupted Sydney, with his eyes still cast down.

'Oh, isn't it? Well, I am glad to have you at home again all the same. Have you lost your place, Syd?'

He nodded his head, and Ben said, cheerily: 'Oh, well, don't mind it if you have. I guess there are other places to be had, and a summer of rest on the old farm will do you a great deal more good than harm. You look all worn out.'

Sydney carried a small hand bag, and Ben said: 'You haven't been to the house yet, have you?' We will go right in. Aunt Hannah will be very glad to see you.'

He started toward the house, but halted when Sydney said: 'Wait a minute, Ben—wait! I—I—want to talk to you about—about—something!' He looked up with a white and distressed face, and Ben saw that he was winking his eyes to keep back the tears.

'See here, Syd, there is something wrong. Sit down here on the grass, just where we sat two years ago, and tell me all about it. You are in some sort of trouble. Out with it! and remember that the Lindleys always tell the truth at any cost. Now what has gone wrong?'

'I—I—have.'

'You have? In what way?'

Sydney averted his face to escape the searching look in Ben's honest blue eyes, but Ben said firmly, and yet not unkindly: 'Hold up your head, Syd, and speak out like a man. It is the best way to get my sympathy and my help. What have you done?'

'I—I—O Ben—I have taken two hundred dollars, and—and—I am afraid that they have found me out! They will be after me, and—Oh, Ben, will you help me out just this once?'

Ben's own cheeks were colorless now, but his blue eyes were flashing. He reached out and grasped Sydney by the arm and pulled him round until they were face to face. 'What is this you are telling me?' he cried. 'That my brother is a thief? My brother, a Lindley, a thief? And this is the way you have made a name and a fortune by leaving the farm! This is how you repay me for the sacrifices I have made for you! I am glad that mother and father are not alive to see this day of shame that has come to the good name they valued so highly. You have come home a thief! He flung his brother from him, and Sydney lay at full length on the grass with his face in his hands sobbing aloud. A sudden remembrance of all that he had promised his mother came to Ben, and he said more gently: 'Come, Sydney, I must know all about this so I can tell what to do. I am sorry if I have been too harsh with you, but this is a fearful thing to me, and a sad ending to all the high hopes I have had for you. Sit up now and tell me the whole story.'

This was Sydney's story, told in tears and shame: 'I got to living beyond my income. All the fellows I knew had bigger salaries than I had, and I tried to do all that they did. I thought that I could pay them up when my salary was raised, if I did make some debts, but my salary was not raised for a year, and then I got only twelve dollars a week. By that time I owed so much I could not pay it, and my expenses seemed to increase. I had to handle a good deal of money for the firm, and I got to taking a little at a time, expecting to pay it back, I hardly knew how. I knew that I was not paid as much as some of the fellows who were doing just what I did, in other places, so I began to make myself think that I really was not taking anything more than I ought to have, if I took three or four dollars a week. So it went on until I had taken two hundred dollars. Yesterday the head bookkeeper said something which made me think that he thought all was not right, and I knew there would

'GOOD-BY, BEN!' CALLED OUT SYDNEY, CHEERILY.

soon be an investigation, so I took the midnight train for home.'

'We will take the next train back to the city, Sydney,' said Ben, when the whole shameful story of his brother's weakness and folly had been told.

Sydney looked up, startled.

'Let the consequences be what they will, we will go to your employers and tell the truth. I have two hundred and fifty dollars with which I intended to make the last payment due on the mortgage, to-morrow. I have worked early and late for that money. I have denied myself many things that I wanted. I have been the shabbiest dressed person at church on Sundays. I have lived on the plainest food, and have never given myself a day's vacation. Look at my hands!'

He held them out, a pair of toil-worn, brown hands, with fingers bent and calloused, but clean and honest hands for all that.

'We will go to your employers and pay back the money you have taken. It is the right thing to do. You must go with me and tell the truth. That, too, is the right thing to do.'

Mr. Hollins, the head of the firm, was sitting in his private office the next day, when his head bookkeeper came in to report.

'I have finished looking over young Lindley's accounts,' he said, 'and I find a shortage of about two hundred dollars. Strangely enough young Lindley has just come into the office with his brother and they want to see you. They probably want to fix the matter up.'

'I'll fix it up by sending the young rascal to jail, where he belongs,' said Mr. Hollins harshly. 'There is no excuse for that boy acting in that way, and he deserves to be punished for it. He impressed me very favorably at first, and he seemed like quite a bright boy. If he had behaved properly he might have worked himself into a fine position here, for our business is growing rapidly and we need really efficient and reliable young men. Tell him and his brother to come in.'

Mr. Hollins frowned largely when he saw poor, trembling Sydney, but he looked less severe when he saw Ben. He himself had been reared on a farm, and he had great respect for those who bore evidence of honest toil.

'Will you sit down?' he said to Ben, but he allowed Sydney to stand. Ben sat down and said at once:—

'I am Sydney Lindley's brother. You may know by this time that he has taken two hundred dollars of your money. I have brought him to you to have him confess his fault, and I have brought two hundred dollars of my earnings with which to repay you for the money he has taken. I offer no excuse for him, unless it be the fact that he has been motherless and fatherless since his twelfth year, and it may be that I was not as wise as I ought to have been in my care of him. Now, Sydney, tell Mr. Hollins the truth.'

When the truth had been told, Mr. Hollins said, as he took up the money Ben had laid on the table: 'It is a sadly common story, but it is the first time any of my employees have gone wrong. It is right that I should have my money back again, and if your brother is as sorry as he seems to be, he will never rest until he has repaid you. I can tell you now, Sydney, that you can thank this good and honest brother of yours for saving you from arrest. I have too much respect and sympathy for him to make him suffer the shame and sorrow your arrest and imprisonment would cause him. On his account, far more than on your own, I will keep this matter a secret. No one but the head bookkeeper and myself knows anything about it. No one else shall know it. I will do more than this; I will take you back into my office and give you another chance.'

Then Sydney gave certain proof of his sincere repentance.

'I thank you, Mr. Hollins,' he said. 'You are kinder than I had any right to expect you to be to me; but I am going back to the farm with Ben to work for him there until my debt is paid. It will be the best and surest way of paying it. Then, if you will take me back at some time in the future, I will be glad to come.'

It was with added years and added wisdom and added strength of character that Sydney returned to the city to take the place Mr. Hollins offered him. Never again did he return in shame and sorrow to his home. Slowly, steadily, honestly he did 'work up' to a position of the highest trust and responsibility, having profited by the sorrowful lessons he had learned.

## The Queen and the Methodist Postmaster.

In the Diamond Jubilee Number of the 'Methodist Recorder,' reference was made to a curious little story about a gingham umbrella which was lent by the grandfather of Mr. Groves (circuit steward in East Cowes) to Her Majesty when first she and the Prince Consort came to live in the Isle of Wight. A pamphlet, for the most part in poetry, was written on the subject. It is now scarce, and of no worth at all except as a curiosity. A copy is in our possession.

Mr. William Groves has written us an extremely interesting letter, in which he tells 'the real story of the famous umbrella.' As he is the son of the oldest sexton—who, by the way, was also postmaster in Whippingham village—his account of the little incident may be regarded as absolutely reliable.

The following is an extract from Mr. Groves's letter:—

What happened was this:—My father was standing at his door when a Londoner came up and called his attention to the fact that it was about to rain and the Queen and the Prince Consort were some distance off and had no umbrella. My father went after them, and, as it was raining, offered the use of his umbrella. The offer was accepted, and he was requested to accompany the Queen and Prince to Osborne House. He did so, and the Royal pair spoke pleasantly to him on the road.

When my father reached Osborne House with the Queen and Prince he was sent to the kitchen and some refreshments were given him. In a few minutes £5 was brought to him.

'Oh, no, said he, 'I do not want any £5.'

'But you must have it,' he was told; 'the Queen has sent it; you cannot refuse what she gives.' And, reluctantly enough, he was compelled to take the money.

The umbrella is now in my possession, though it is all the worse for wear.

The Queen obtained possession of Osborne by an exchange of estates, and my father became her tenant. From that time until 1878, she never visited Osborne without calling at the post-office to talk to her tenants.

My sister was born deaf and dumb, and, through the Queen's influence, she was sent to the deaf and dumb institution in the Old Kent Road, London. Here she was known as 'the Queen's child.'

Previous to her marriage she made the greater part of the woollen boots and clothing for the Royal infants and other articles for the Queen's own wear.

The front room at Whippingham post-office was usually set out with my sister's Berlin wool work, and the Queen never visited Osborne House without coming to the post-office and purchasing the whole of the stock. The Royal family at this time were only young, and required many woollen articles of dress.

When my sister returned, ill and broken down, the Queen, while in the island, was a frequent visitor, and spent much time speaking to her in the deaf and dumb language, never allowing anyone to interpret for her.

When my sister was on her dying bed, Her Majesty came to see her, and, to revive her, gave my sister a smelling bottle (also in my possession). She also gave her a devotional book, in which was inscribed 'Victoria.'

At her last visit, before going to Balmoral, knowing she should never see her again in this world, the Queen bent down and kissed the dying woman, and then went downstairs. As though she had forgotten something, Her Majesty returned, made her 'Good-by' again, kissed her once more, and left for Balmoral. Before leaving she placed a five pound note in my father's hand. My sister died, and was buried in Whippingham churchyard.

Prior to this the trouble with respect to my sister affected my mother's health very deeply, and, while talking to the late Prince Leopold and his medical adviser, she fell down and died. The Prince and his medical adviser gently lifted the inanimate body and placed it on a couch near at hand. It was supposed that heart disease was the cause of death, and to spare the Prince's feelings no inquest was held.

The occurrence was reported to Her Majesty, and she at once went to the house of mourning, where, after a few words of kindly, womanly sympathy, she handed my father an envelope. On her departure, the envelope was opened and found to contain a five-pound note.

Within a day or two my father met the Queen in the road; she stopped and spoke to him. He thanked her for the money, and said; 'Now, your Majesty, I shall be able to have a brick grave.' I mention this for a reason which will be found later on.

On one occasion during my mother's lifetime the Queen one day came in whilst she was ill, and, handing her with her own gracious hands a small jar, said, 'Mrs. Groves, I have brought you a pudding. I think you will enjoy it.'

Her Majesty intended to be present at the funeral of my mother, and inquired the hour of interment. She was told the hour the party would be at the graveside, and left, evidently believing it was the hour they would leave the house, for, when the mourners were returning to the post-office, she met them and exclaimed, 'Oh, dear, is it over?' She was informed that it was, whereupon Her Majesty walked to the churchyard, and, beckoning me to her (in accordance with a Hampshire custom, I was still at the graveside with my brothers), asked:

'Is there any water in the grave?'

'No, your Majesty,' I replied.

'Is it a brick grave?' she further asked, and, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, walked away after a few more kind words, apparently satisfied.

The reason Her Majesty asked these questions was that my father had told her the churchyard was a wet one, and she could not see the bricks of the grave at the top.

This occurred in January, 1873. In the month of February, 1879, my father died. Three days before his death Her Majesty called at the post-office, and, after talking with the dying man, as only a bereaved woman can talk, kindly handed him a fourth and last five-pound note.

For the last ten years of his life my father was allowed to live rent-free at Whippingham post-office, by Her Majesty's orders, on account of his failing health.

On the death of my father, the old post-office was pulled down, but, by Her Majesty's orders, the ivy with which it was covered was carefully removed, and when the present structure was substituted the ivy was carefully replaced. — 'Methodist Recorder.'

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is December, 1901, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

## The Major's Boy.

(By J. A. Haskins, in 'Classmate.')

The weather was growing colder, and the loungers had left their summer benches in front of the only hotel the little town boasted and were collected about the barroom stove.

Hastings was like a hundred other towns on the prairies, or what was called the frontier less than twenty years ago, when the railway was building westward and stations were erected a few miles apart, although at some of these the passenger train only stopped when a flag was raised to show a traveller was waiting.

In a short time an elevator was built to receive the grain from the surrounding country; then a store or two, a hotel, a blacksmith shop, and numerous saloons followed; then most of young cities were content with their condition, and ceased to grow.

In the Hastings hotel before the barroom fire and appropriating most of its heat stood a tall, portly man, discoursing of politics to an attentive audience. The man's face would have been rather fine, but that it was reddened and made coarse by drink; but his language was that of an educated man.

The major had come to the town with the advent of the railway; he believed in the town almost as much as he believed in himself (which was no very moderate belief). He often said to Mrs. Swift, the wife of the hotelkeeper, 'The greatest proof of a man's confidence in a town is to cast his lot therein, which I have done,' he would add, with a gracious sweep of his hand toward a little shanty opposite, where swung the sign: 'Major Overly, Attorney-at-Law. Collections a Specialty.'

A party of duck hunters, at a lake near the town, who had known of the Major in New York, had told something of his story. He had been a man of wealth and influence, but an appetite for drink had grown upon him, and gradually his business had fallen away, as his fine intellect had become impaired; then his wife died, and, placing his only son in the home of the lad's grandparents, the Major had come West, intending to start life anew, and finally drifted into Hastings.

The one daily train was nearly due, and the listening loungers slipped away by twos and threes to collect about the station.

Among the half-dozen passengers who alighted from the train was a boy of about thirteen, with a fine, resolute face and manly bearing, who asked if anyone could tell him where Major Overly lived. On being directed to the hotel, he walked quickly toward it. Very soon all the town knew that the Major's boy had arrived.

At first the Major had said that Hal must return to his grandfather's, that Hastings was no place for him; but Hal pleaded so earnestly to stay that day after day passed, and he still remained.

To Hal Overly his father had always seemed the bravest and best of men, for his mother's great love had carefully guarded from him all knowledge of his father's faults, and the lad had patiently borne the separation for a time; but now that his father was permanently settled he wished to be with him.

For a short time after Hal's arrival the Major kept much in his office, attending to business, but as days passed he returned to his old habits. One evening it had grown very late, and as his father did not come, Hal went out to look for him. In passing a saloon he heard, with surprise, his father's

voice within. He stopped and waited outside the door.

The nights were growing cold, the fresh burned prairie stretched away on either hand, while far along the horizon the prairie fires still burned; everything looked bare and desolate.

From the little brown station across the street Hal caught the glint of the steel rails reaching out toward his old home; he thought if he could only be there, with his father, he would be happy.

Suddenly the door near which he stood opened, and the Major staggered out. He would have fallen had not Hal caught him and sorrowfully led him home.

Poor boy! He had little sleep that night, and after his hours of reflection morning found him no longer a boy, but a man in his determination to save his father from this terrible habit; for he now understood many things which had before been incomprehensible to him.

The Major could hardly look his boy in the face the next morning, and determined to send him back at once to his grandfather; but Hal's pleading again prevailed, for the Major had grown very fond of the lad.

The Major resolved to break off his association with the people who, he knew, made it harder for him to keep the resolve of abstinence which he had made, but his weakness was so great that the good resolutions were soon forgotten; and soon it became customary for Hal to go to the doors of the various saloons until he found where his father was, and then wait outside in the cold and darkness until the Major came stumbling out, when he would see him safely home, and the Major soon ceased to feel the disgrace and grew to depend on having the sturdy little fellow to care for him.

So winter settled down at Hastings. Blizzard after blizzard swept over the prairie. The winter was an exceptionally severe one, and the trains seldom came on regular time. They were lonely days for Hal Overly, who day after day, looked at the little half-buried houses in the village, or off on the white expanse of unbroken, glittering snow, and wistfully thought of his old home.

Christmas had been a strangely dreary time for him, and now it was the middle of February; but Hal had no heart to remind his father that to-morrow would be his birthday—a day always made bright for him while his mother lived, and his grandparents, too, had made much of the anniversary. He had half-expected a box from them, but the storms had delayed the train, and so he sat dozing and dreaming by the fire in the hotel parlor, when the clock struck twelve.

Midnight, and his father had not yet returned! He arose with a start, and, hastily putting on his overcoat and drawing his cap well down over his ears, went to the door and peered out.

It was a fearful night, and he hesitated, as well he might, at venturing out; but a thought of his father's possible condition urged him on, so closing his lips firmly, he stepped out into the storm.

As long as he remained on the walk and close to the house he found he got on very well. He looked into every saloon he passed, but his father was in none of them. There was only one other, a little place across the railway track.

He was already tired from fighting his way through the wind and snow, and as he leaned breathlessly against a building for a moment he could not keep back a few boyish tears.

But in a few minutes he turned resolutely away from the sheltered building, and plunged into drifted snow in the direction of the track. He did not realize his danger, through the swirling snow and darkness he could see nothing.

The sharp, compact snow blowing for miles across the prairie is a terrible thing to encounter; it beat against his face like needles. He seems to be suffocating. Gasping and bewildered, he turned to go back; but where was the street? The buildings with their flickering lights had disappeared.

He felt sure it could not be far; and he struggled on in the darkness, while the sharp, beating storm whirled about him, seeming to mock his efforts. Now a fearful sense of his danger came to him. He tore wildly at his collar for relief, for just one full breath in quiet, for one second of calm from this awful tumult.

He called out wildly for help, but his only reply was the shriek of the storm.

Then by a mighty effort he calmed himself and staggered on, believing he must reach a house soon. That fearful thought of his danger he put from him resolutely, that he might not be unnerved by it again.

He struggled courageously on through the cold and snow. By and by the cold seemed to be less bitter, but he stumbled often and at last fell. He lay still for a moment to rest; he felt sleepy, too. Then he thought he heard some one calling him; it seemed like a voice from his old home, and he was suddenly wide awake and hopeful. What it was that really aroused him—who can say? But in God's great world Hal Overly's work was not yet done.

He rose up wearily and took a few stiff and painful steps, then stumbled forward and fell again, not into the cold, drifted snow this time, but into a straw stack, and just within a hollow formed by cattle where they had burrowed into the stack for shelter and warmth as well as food. He lay there somewhat sheltered from the storm which raged without.

In the morning the storm had ceased; the sun shone on miles of dazzling white prairie, dotted here and there by sod barns and board cabins banked nearly to their eaves.

The freakish wind had swept in some places bare spots, and in others curved huge white drifts. On the roof of an empty cabin sat a great white owl sulking in the sunshine, and scarcely to be distinguished from the snow, over which rabbits in their white winter coats scurried.

Silence rested over the scene, and nowhere does silence seem so awesome as on the prairie after a winter's storm.

Out from the little village, where the smoke was just rising into the clear, blue sky, a party of men were ploughing their way through the drifts.

Major Overly, white and conscience smitten, was leading them in the search for his boy; but another search party, with a dog which Hal had often petted, found the lad.

Very tenderly they carried him into the town, just as the little church bell was calling the people for the Sabbath morning service.

It was a long time before Hal could be restored and the doctor could say he would live, but his right arm was so badly frozen that amputation finally became necessary.

Major Overly hardly moved from his son's bedside during the long illness which followed. On that morning after the storm the Major had seen a vision of his past life, and made a vow which he never broke in all the following years.

The Major's sign still swings in the breeze on Main street, but now from a large office; comfortable farm-houses dot the plain; but still the winter comes back with all fury, and the life of the settler has many hardships.

There is a young man with an empty sleeve, but a strong, resolute face, who is giving the best years of his life to the people of this little village and the region around, but giving it cheerfully and gladly. He is known and loved for miles about, and everywhere his face brings comfort. Whether he is preaching in some little school-house, or cheering some despondent farmer during a bad season, or standing by a lonely grave where the winter wind sweep over the prairie, his words have the power to help the hearers onto a higher and better standard of life, and lift them to a higher spiritual plane.

If you ask who he is, they will tell you, 'He is Hal Overly, the Major's boy.'

## Putting on the Beauty.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

Katharine's new sewing machine was whirring merrily enough. Katharine's face was anything but merry. When the doorbell added its jolly jingle to the song of the machine she pushed aside her work with a big frown and a bigger sigh. The frown changed to a broad smile and the sigh turned into notes of welcome when she saw her caller.

'Come right in, you "streak of sunshine!"' she said, emphasizing her words with a vigorous hug. 'I need chirking up.'

'Well, here I am, for whatever is needed,' answered the caller brightly. 'I've come to sew—see!' holding out a small parcel.

After a while they were 'settled' for the afternoon, Katharine at her machine and her friend busy with a bit of Battenberg.

'What are you doing, Katie?'

'Oh, hemming and tucking. Tads has to have a graduating dress and tucks are all the rage, but it is dreadful work!'

'"Dreadful?" With your new machine? Why, I think tucking is just pure delight. Let me do it for you. This piece of idleness can wait as well as not,' and ever quick to put herself aside for her friends, Julia Robinson folded up the Battenberg and gently displaced her friend.

'Why, Katie, child, I don't wonder you call it dreadful work. Where is your tucker?'

'Tucker? I don't know. What's a tucker?'

'The tucking attachment—here—yes, I thought so,' pulling a box out of the machine drawer with the speed and deftness of one entirely at home with the machine. 'Has no one showed you how to use these attachments?'

'No,' answered Katharine, shaking her head. 'They showed me how to manage the thread and the bobbins and things, and

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said the book of instructions would show me the rest. I looked in that box and thought those—fixin's!—were to replace broken parts. I never bothered my head to read up. What are they all for?'

'Hemming, tucking, ruffling, shirring, quilting—everything. I'll show you how. There! Just watch those tucks run off, Katie-did!'

'Katie-didn't, you mean. Well, serves me right for not being more investigating. Let me do some of your Battenberg. I understand that at any rate, and it will rest me.'

As the work progressed tongues flew and confidences were exchanged.

'I wish I could take life as you do, Julia,' said Katharine wistfully, the frown and sigh coming back.

'Why, dear?'

'Oh, everything gets so humdrum, and you are all shine and sparkle and loveliness.'

'Hush! don't praise me, dear. Only tell me what I can do to help you.'

'I don't know—I can't prescribe for myself. Everyone is good to me, but somehow nothing goes right. Husband says I work too hard and get nervous. I know better. Why, it is like that work on Tad's dress—it ought to be easy, and it's hard. I wonder—' Her voice broke off in a wistful sigh.

'What do you wonder, dear?' asked her friend gently.

'I was wondering if there is not a "tucker" somewhere that would make the work easier.'

Julia left the machine and ran to her friend's side with outstretched hands and glowing face. 'Oh, my dear!' she exclaimed in a voice vibrating with emotion, 'you have said it exactly. There is a "tucker somewhere." You are a dear, faithful, patient, splendid little woman, but—but you have never read your Book of Instructions.'

Katharine flushed. 'You mean—?'

'I mean the Bible, dear. You try to do all the work in your own strength—try to get the complicated tucking and shirring even and smooth without help. Instead of pleasure following your feet as they tread in duty's path, it is all hard. Katharine! Katy-did! You are a Christian theoretically—be one practically. Take Christ for your all. Read the Book of Instructions. Then, why then, what beautiful work this machine, this wonderful body he has given you, will turn out. You will revel in the beauty of holiness. Tad's dress can be made exquisite in half the time you would take over a very simple affair indeed. And when Christ is your teacher all the humdrum will be changed to delight.'

'I will think about it,' said Katharine, quietly.

And she did. On her knees she studied the Christian's Guide-Book. There she found the secret of the beauty of life, the joy, the peace, the sunshine, the ease of doing complicated things well, the secret of overcoming accomplishment.

## A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

## A Lady of Leisure.

(By Anna Burnham Bryant, in 'Wellspring.')

Nan hung up the dishpan, put the cup towels to dry, took off her blue work apron, and came into the sitting room where the rest of us were finishing up odds and ends of work. It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and time for crocheting and embroidery, if you ever had time to do such things.

'I don't see why I have to keep drudging away all the time!' she muttered, discontentedly. 'There isn't time for a single thing in a day but just horrid old dishes or beds or lamps or something!'

'Too bad!' we all murmured, sympathetically. All but Aunt 'Ria. She did not speak. She looked up at Nan keenly for an instant, looked at the clock, opened her lips as if she were going to say something, then went on sewing again without saying a word.

'Well, what is it?' snapped Nan.

Aunt 'Ria laughed. 'What is what?' she said, pleasantly.

'What you were thinking about,' said Nan, shrewdly. 'I know you had an "idea," as you call it.'

'My "idea" is that you needn't drudge half so much or not at all; and if I were you, I wouldn't.'

'I'd like to know how you make that out.'

'By a little sum in arithmetic. And 'tisn't you alone, Nan—it's all you girls! I've had my eye on you!' Aunt 'Ria spoke merrily, but all saw she was in earnest.

'Why, what do we do?' they asked.

'You dawdle. You play at work. You don't try to see how much can be got out of an hour, or put into it, which amounts to the same thing.'

'Housework takes just about all the time there is,' said Nan, discontentedly.

'It depends. Any kind of work will take about all the time you'll give to it. You young people are millionnaires of time. But for all that you can't afford to be spendthrifts. Minutes and hours come to an end, as well as dollars.'

'Do you mean to say that there's a way for me ever to get a few minutes to be a lady of leisure?'

'As far as the housework goes.'

'And me?' said Sade, who rarely was able to steal a half-hour from her lessons.

'As far as the lessons go.'

'And me?' echoed school-teacher Kate, who was more burdened than any of them, with her long 'papers' to be corrected after school hours.

'As far as your school work goes,' replied Aunt 'Ria confidently. 'It is the way you work, — or don't work. Take less time, and do more in it. Lock your door mentally. Don't work and talk, or work and play, or work and munch bonbons. Just work. Bless you, no! I don't mean hurry. That spoils work. But some people's half-hours are worth more than the hours of other people.'

Aunt 'Ria fell to sewing again with renewed energy. She was not given to overmuch advice. Perhaps that was why the girls respected it when it broke bounds and overflowed on them.

'Aunt 'Ria! You've kept up your six hours' German all this summer vacation, haven't you?'

'So far. I want to go back to Chicago and take that next grade the school board offered me. Professor Muller says there will be no trouble if I keep it up till September.'

'And you've had time to play croquet or tennis every day, too!'

'After four o'clock. Nothing to hinder after working hours.'

'And the novels you've read. The travels and stories!'

'And the games in the evenings!'

'The music!'

'Even the sewing and embroidery!'

'Not much of that,' said Aunt 'Ria. 'But all those things you mentioned came in easily before and after the real day's work. They were planned for.'

'Aunt 'Ria,' tell us your secret.'

'Nothing, dears, but the thing I'm telling you. Work, woman-fashion, while you are at it. Keep at it, without break or interruption, till your time for work is up. Then play with all your heart, just as you have been working. You can't dream, you can't talk, you can't dawdle, during working-time. When that is over you can do any earthly thing you please, and that is the whole secret, as far as I know it, of being, for a part of the time every day, a "lady of leisure."'

## Shatters the Nerves.

Close observation for a number of years convinces us that the use of tobacco by boys in their teens is the principal cause of failure. It takes the strength, shatters the nerves and destroys the will power to such an extent that but a very few who have the habit are able to do our work well.—From the Tenth Catalogue of the Technical School, Cincinnati.

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## 'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading Journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Dec. 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Quaint Canadians of a New England Town—New York 'Times'
Burma's Progress—'The Times,' London.
King Leopold at Home—By Mary Spencer Warren, in 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Cuban Peril—'The Nation,' New York.
The Trade Depression in Germany—From a Correspondent to the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Proposed Boycott of English Ships—Translated for 'World Wide,' from 'Journal des Debats,' Paris.
Collapse of the Shipping 'Boycott'—'Reuter's Telegram.'
Captain Mahan on British Prestige.
The Love Affairs of Frances Cromwell—By Charlotte Fell Smith, in 'Longman's Magazine.'
The Strange Case of Mrs. Piper—By Andrew Lang, in 'The Pilot,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Address on Architecture—By H. Heathcote Statham, in 'The Builder,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Valley of Silence—Poem by Fiona Macleod, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'
December—Poem by Nora Chesson, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Eston Kop—Poem by Alice Fleming, in 'Longman's Magazine.'
The Portion of Labor—by W. L. Courtney, in 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Wild Governess—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Daily News,' London.
Mr. Herbert Paul's 'Gladstone'—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Common-sense Education—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Discipline of Doubt—A sermon preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, by the Rev. William Danks.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Conquest of the Air—The Spectator,' London.
Possibilities of the Telephone—'Evening Post,' New York.

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# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Legend of the Dandelion.

'Did you ever see such happy children before?' An old gentleman walking through the park saw the little boy, and he said his sunny face reminded him of 'the little flower that was made in the image of the sun.'

He asked the little fellow to sit down on the park bench beside him, and then he told him the story of the sunshine flower, which he

TWO HAPPY CHILDREN.

afterwards told to sister; as well as he could remember it.

'There was once,' the old gentleman said, 'long ago, when the world was young, a little plant which felt very sad because it looked so much like a weed and had no blossom like other plants.

'This little plant thought if it could only get to the great kind sun and tell him how it longed to have a lovely flower, the good king would take pity and send down his sunbeam fairies to paint one; but the sun was, oh! so very far away, how could a little plant that grew so very near the ground ever hope to be heard up there in the sky.

'One night a dewdrop that rested on the plant noticed how its leaves drooped, and begged to know the reason, and then the dewdrop told the plant such a wondrous thing. It said it was going up to the palace of King Sun, and would tell him about the sad little plant.

'"Only," said the dewdrop, "lift your drooping leaves and keep fresh and green, that you may be fit to receive a flower."

'The little plant did its very best and one day a long stem grew up, right in the middle of the plant; then there came a bud on it; and then a blossom, and, oh! such a beautiful blossom as this little bud grew to be.

'It was made in the king's own likeness, for it was real sunshine color. How happy the plant was! It spent all its days looking upward at the great sun, and trying to grow just as much like the king as possible; and the birds and the bees and the butterflies loved it, and the rain and the dewdrops helped to keep it fresh and fair, and so it grew. As the days went on, the flower began to feel old age creeping on, and by and by all its gold began to turn to silver; it was no more sunshine color, but instead, on the long green stem there rested a beautiful silvery ball. Then, one day, a gentle breeze came that way, and when it breathed on the little flower, ever so many silvery little winged things arose, and were borne away on the breeze.

'Then the little plant was sad again; but it waited, and when summer came, all over the field, wherever a little winged, silvery seed had fallen, another flower lifted a golden head.

'The next year and the next there were more and more flowers, until now, whenever the first warm days come, this whole corner of the earth is bright with blossoms. People have named the flower dandelion; but the children call it the sunshine flower.'—'Child's Hour.'

## The Twilight Hour.

('The Child's Companion.')

They were alone together in a cosy, well-furnished room, two fair-faced children, whose dull black frocks told a tale of loss and sorrow.

The winter's day was drawing to a close, and the elder girl sat close to the window straining her eyes over an interesting story-book, while the younger one wandered about the room, with a sad woe-begone little face, for she was tired of her toys and weary of amusing herself.

Every now and then she paused at her sister's side, and gazed wistfully in her face, but there was no answering look, and her pitiful sighs were unnoticed.

At last, as the shadows grew deeper, casting strange shapes upon the walls, the little one's patience gave way to her longing for some attention, and while her heart began to beat nervously, she stole one tiny hand over the story-book, crying—

'Milly, Milly, do play with me—I'se so tired an' lonely!'

The bigger girl stirred impatiently, and shook off the chubby hand.

'Be quiet, Lily — be quiet! What a bother you always are, you naughty little thing!'

There was a deep-drawn breath that sounded very pitiful, and a choking, childish voice said very humbly—

'Is I? 'Spects it's 'cause I'se too little to do wivout a mummy. I—I wants her so bodly.'

Milly forgot her story and looked up at the small quivering face. Then her eyes fell on mother's chair, and somehow she seemed to see that dear mother sitting once more in it, as she used to do until a few weeks ago. Ah, dear, this twilight hour used to be the happiest of all the hours in the day, for mother always spent it with her children, and did just whatever they wished. It was Milly's turn now to grow sad and lonely, but her grief made her sharp and cross.

'Oh, run away, Lily—do! You worry me so, and make me wretched.'

The child moved slowly away while great tears rolled down her cheeks.

'I never made mummy wretched,' she sobbed, 'an' I doesn't mean to be a bad girl, but I does fink the angels might fetch me too, 'cause I'se so lonely an' sad.'

Milly started, and a sudden sharp pang pierced her heart.

Suppose, ah! suppose that the angels did take pretty Lily? Would not her own angry words forever reproach her, and if mother could look upon her children now, what would she feel to see her little pet so harshly treated?

Milly gazed out of the window, and, lo! the first evening star shone brightly forth like a tender loving eye, yet it seemed to gaze down with gentle reproach as Milly watched it, and she was filled with shame and sorrow.

Down went the book, and Milly sprang to her feet, her heart throbbing, her cheeks burning, as she saw this sight. Little Lily was crouching by the old arm-chair, her arms clinging round its cushions, and her hot tears falling thick and fast.

'Oh, mummy, mummy, I'se no one to play wiv, or love, and I doesn't want to be left down here all alone, so make the angels come and fetch your little Lily.'

'Oh, don't, Lily darling!' cried Milly, stricken with shame and grief, and lifting the child in her arms. 'Sister loves you dearly, and she'll do just as mother used every evening, so you shan't be so lonely again, for we'll play together. Come, darling! Where's your scrap-book, and I'll give you all my pretty valentines to stick in it.'

Lily cheered up, and smiled.

'Why, that's what mummy did with hers. Is you going to pet me up like mummy did?'

'Yes, yes,' cried Milly, wiping her own eyes. 'We'll love and pet one another, Lily, just as mamma loved to see us do.'

## The Wonders of a Peacock's Tail.

Few of those who admire the beauty of a peacock's tail notice that it forms a perfect geometrical figure, yet such is the fact. This bird's plumage is arranged on quite a mathematical plan, as shown in the accompanying illustration, which is a reproduction of

the exact figure of a peacock's tail or train when fully developed. The actual tail is underneath the brilliant train, and supports it when outspread. This train is composed of 250 feathers, planted in a diamond form on the back of the bird; and the regular lengthening and spreading of this train of feathers produces these wonderful geometrical figures. Not even the brilliant bird-of-paradise can compare with the colors and arrangement of a peacock.—'Christian Herald.'

## Bobbie's Bubbles.

(Marian A. Price, in 'Our Little Dots.')

'Hurrah! I'm no longer a baby,
'Cos I'm grown a year older today,
So I'm getting too old for these playthings;
I must play like my big brothers play.'

'And what are you wanting, my dearie?'
Said old Nurse, as she smiled at her boy;
She was puzzled to know what he fancied,
When he seemed to have each kind of toy.

'Me wants to blow bubbles, please, Nursie,
Like Charlie and Willie did blow,
When they couldn't go out in the garden,
Because of the wind and the snow.'

Then Bobbie was left in the sunshine,
With fruit hanging round him so ripe,
While his nurse went right up to the nursery,
To get him a basin and pipe.

Nor did she keep Bobbie long waiting,
Ere she came to the back garden door,
With all in her arms that was needed
To delight a big fellow of four!

He clapped his fat hands with delight, oh!
He tried to turn head over heels,
And landed in Nurse's work-basket,
Away kicking buttons and reels.

Quick down on a large stone he squatted,
With his cap tossed far back on his head,
While Nurse tried him sore by her neatness,
As she picked up her buttons and thread,

She carried the basin of lather,
And fixed it quite firm on his knees,
A little clay pipe she then gave him,
And did all she could do to please.

Oh! think of his joy when the bubbles
Went soaring high up in the air
Just like fairy balls, in the sunlight
All sparkling like jewels most rare

'Ah! think of the sadness of Bobbie,
When the bubbles were melting away,
'As, with tears in his eyes, he cried, 'Nursie,
Not one of my bubbles will stay.'
So, pleasures of earth are as bubbles,
For they vanish so quickly away;
But pleasures of heaven are as jewels,
And will last for ever and aye.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 19.

## The Early Christian Church.

Acts ii., 37-47. Memory verses 42-47.

### Daily Readings.

Monday, Jan. 13.—Acts ii., 37-47.
Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Acts xvi., 16-34.
Wednesday, Jan. 15.—Rom. x., 1-13.
Thursday, Jan. 16.—Acts xix., 13-20.
Friday, Jan. 17.—John iii., 14-21.
Saturday, Jan. 18.—Eph. iv., 1-15.
Sunday, Jan. 19.—Isa. lx., 1-10.

### Golden Text.

'The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.—Acts ii., 11-47.

### Lesson Text.

(37) Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? (38) Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. (39) For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. (40) And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. (41) Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. (42) And they continued steadfastly in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, and, in breaking of bread, and in prayers. (43) And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. (44) And all that believed were together, and had all things common; (45) And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. (46) And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, (47) Praising God, and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

### Suggestions.

On the day of Pentecost, when the disciples received the Holy Spirit, the multitude of people who were in the city, Jews from Rome, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, Jews and proselytes from Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappadocia, Phrygia and Pamphilia, Egypt and Lybia, Crete and Arabia, all of whom had come up to Jerusalem to the feast of Pentecost, heard the sound of the rushing mighty wind and of the disciples speaking, and went to hear them. They were much astonished to hear the disciples speaking so that they could each understand in their own language. But some mocked and said that the disciples were drunken. Whereupon, Peter, the man who before Pentecost had feared the question of a serving maid, now fearing nothing, stood up and addressed the great throng. In this wonderful sermon he explained first to the people that this outpouring of the Spirit of God upon men was just what had been promised by the prophets long years before (Isa., xliv., 3-5; Ezek. xi., 16-20; xxxvi., 24-27; Joel ii., 28-29-32; Zech. xii., 10).

Then he went on to tell them that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, the Son of God, and how God had proved it by raising him up again from the dead; he declared that all the disciples were witnesses of the fact of the Resurrection, and ended by proving conclusively that the long promised Messiah was this very same Jesus whom the Jews had crucified.

When the multitude heard this they were pricked to the heart, convicted and filled with remorse. The realization of their guilt stung them and they cried out in anguish to Peter and the other disciples asking what they must do? How could they get rid of this sin of having rejected the Christ of God?

Then Peter told them that they must repent first of their sin in rejecting Christ, then they must be baptized into his name and they would receive the forgiveness of their sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise of the outpouring was not to the first disciples only, but to all who would listen to and obey the call of the Lord God, to the Jews first, but, afterwards, to all who should ever hear the glad message of the gospel in the uttermost ends of the earth. Repentance does not mean mere sorrow for sin, the word means primarily a change of mind, a turning of the mind away from sin and self to God, a change of heart. Repentance means not only being sorry for sin but being so sorry as to turn one's back on it forever. Face around the other way, from self-pleasing turn to pleasing God, but let the change be thorough and sincere, for God can do nothing for a man who chooses to be insincere (Jas. i., 1-6-8).

Peter warned the multitude of their need of salvation and of their need of a living Saviour to keep them true day by day as they should live their lives in the midst of that unbelieving and rebellious generation. The people listened eagerly, and gladly accepted the offer of salvation and about three thousand were baptized, and added themselves to the apostles. They proved their sincerity and the reality of their conversion by their stedfast continuance in what they had been taught, by their eager listening to further instruction, by their prayers and their happy Christian fellowship. God wonderfully blessed the disciples in their testimony and witnessing for Christ, and gave them power to work many helpful miracles.

This great company of new converts needed still a great deal of teaching, so it was necessary for them to stay in Jerusalem where they could be taught by the apostles for some time. So those who had money or possessions of any kind divided with those who had nothing in order that all might stay and learn. And God blessed them all, adding daily to their number all those who wished to be saved.

### Questions.

What change did Pentecost work in Peter?

What did he tell the people about the outpouring of the Holy Spirit?

What effect had his sermon?

How did these people show that they had been truly converted?

How did God show his approval?

### C. E. Topic.

Sun., Jan. 19.—Topic.—Caleb: choosing a hard thing.—Josh. xiv., 6-14.

### Junior C. E. Topic.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

Mon., Jan. 13.—God's witnesses.—Isa. xliii., 10.

Tues., Jan. 14.—'Ye shall be witnesses.'—Acts i., 8.

Wed., Jan. 15.—'Been with Jesus.'—Acts iv. 13.

Thu., Jan. 16.—Christ's epistles.—2 Cor. iii., 2-3.

Fri., Jan. 17.—Lights of the world.—Matt. v., 14-16.

Sat., Jan. 18.—Salt of the earth.—Matt v., 13.

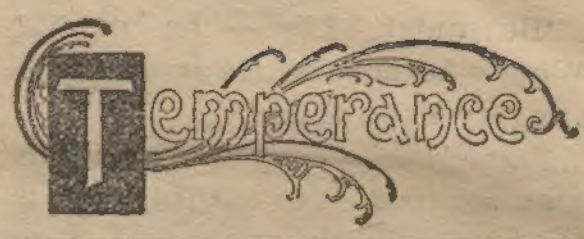
Sun., Jan. 19.—Show your colors!—Matt. x., 32-33.

## Saved by a Sermon.

In the recently published memoir of the late Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, there is related an incident which, happening as it did at a time when the preacher was feeling depressed and unhappy, was a source of infinite joy to him.

He received one morning a letter recounting a pitiful story told by a desperate man. Misfortune had followed misfortune, and he had determined to make his way to the canal and commit suicide.

'I felt that I must come to Queen Street Chapel before I went down to Newbridge,' the writer said. 'I had never heard you preach, but I felt I must hear you to-night. How did you know that I was there, and that I was going to put an end to myself? I went home instead, and I am writing to tell you that the sermon you preached to me to-night saved my life and saved my soul. May God bless you!'—'Sunday Companion.'




## Evil Unresisted.

Why is the ministry bewailing its impotence and churches bemoaning their lack of increase, yea, their actual decline in many instances? Is it not because they allow the evils of the world to go unresisted, and fail to burn with that passion for humanity, which seeks, and serves, and loves, and sacrifices, and dies, that it may save? The church or the Christian that stands side by side with the saloon, or any public evil, and sees more people led astray and ruined than it redeems, must inevitably suffer the atrophy of all its spiritual power. Through its own indifference society itself becomes benumbed and the nation goes to decay. Tolerated evil dethrones the people who have not faith enough in God to expect victory. Among historic sins none is more costly and fatal than the sin of intemperance.—'New York Observer.'

## Mr. Caine's Stand.

At a recent meeting, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., referred to the fact that he had just completed his eleventh contested election at each of which he had had a long sheet of questions sent him by the organized liquor trade, which he invariably replied to as follows:—'My main object in venturing to enter Parliament is to destroy your trade.' His temperance platform was total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State. These were two aspects of the temperance movement that they had to consider; and if they could only get the one completely they need not trouble themselves about the other. His work, however, as a temperance reformer was to make people teetotalers—to create a strong temperance sentiment to recruit the army of citizens who were in favor of temperance reform.

## Beware of That Trap, Boys!

Let me tell you a tale of a little grey mouse
That had left his snug nest at the top of the house,
To frolic and play on the old kitchen floor,
Where he danced with delight for ten minutes or more.

But at last little mousey, while rolling a ball,
Caught sight of a box standing close to the wall;
Such a snug little box, with its half-open door,
And its window of wire behind and before.

So he looked and he longed for that morsel of cheese
Which he saw on the floor—he could get it with ease;
And then he'd go home to his nest (so he thought,
Silly mouse!) He went in—the door shut—he was caught!

You are in, little mousey, but how to get out
Is a question you never need trouble about;
You may peep through the bars, and tremble and wait,
Till the trap is unsprung and you meet with your fate.

Oh, my boy, you may laugh at the poor little mouse!
But my tale has a moral—keep far from the house
Where temptation assails you, and riotous brawl;
The public-house bar is the trap by the wall.

UNCLE JIM.

## Body or Soul?

He had evidently been a very handsome man, originally, but the fine lines of his face had coarsened, the eyes were heavy, the lips loose, the whole stamp of the countenance was a sodden and self-indulgent one. Two

old acquaintances stood looking after him as he passed down the street.

'What a wreck!' said one. 'And yet, when we all graduated together, it seemed as if he might be anything he chose.'

'So he might have been,' replied the other, 'and he chose—to make his body the grave of his soul!'—'Forward.'

## Caught.

It is always bad for a boy to smoke, but it is not often that the small smoker runs himself into difficulties as easily as one who was recently lounging about a railway station. Presently he went up to the ticket office and asked for a 'half return' to a town a little distance up the line.

'What, a small chap like you smoking?' said the clerk, noticing the cigarette.

'Who are you calling a small chap? I'm fourteen,' replied the boy indignantly.

'Very well; full fare, please,' was the clerk's only answer.—'National Advocate.'

## A Substitute Needed.

It has been our conviction that the present effort to rid society of the saloon with all its baneful influences will not be permanently successful until the efforts to secure abstinence and prohibition shall be supplemented by the establishment of some legitimate and unharmful substitute for present drinking places. This method of trying to overcome evil with good—of seeking to crowd out wickedness by means of something innocent—can go hand in hand with existing plans.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

## No Respecter of Persons.

The wife of a wealthy iron manufacturer of Pittsburg was drunk on her streets one day last week. She was taken by a policeman and put in the lockup. When she came before the magistrate she was in great contrast to those usually brought before his honor. She was richly dressed 'with a diamond buckle in her hat, a diamond sunburst at her throat and her fingers were covered with precious stones. Her jewels would probably have brought $3,000.' And yet she was drunk on the streets the same as any common hag. Whiskey is no respecter of person, it puts them on the lowest level. And yet the saloon is tolerated. Oh, for shame!—'Methodist Episcopal Times.'

## Why?

A mother and her little son, walking along the streets of Brooklyn, passed one saloon after another, yawning upon the street like mouths of hell. 'Oh, dear, dear!' exclaimed the mother, 'how thick they come, and what terrible harm they do!' To which the boy replied, indignantly: 'Well, what do they have so many for? Aren't there any Christians in Congress?' Gentlemen of our halls of legislation, what answer shall we give to the perplexed boy?—'Evangelical.'

## The Dead From Strong Drink

I am to speak to you, perhaps, an hour. In that time a dozen men will die drunk in the United States. One will fall upon his face and smother the fires of his own life; one will tear himself to pieces, howling execrations against his own soul; one will stretch up his trembling hands and cry, 'Mother!' and go out like a burnt match; one, with a rope, will swing off into the blackness of darkness; poison for another, a pistol, a plunge from the bridge, and so on, to the limit of the damnable variety that death and drink can conjure. These men represent citizenship in all its phases, home, marriage, business, politics. Alcohol is the offspring of decay, and it begets its kind. There is decomposition in the very blood and bone and fibre of the Republic.—J. G. Wooley.

Intemperance is the source of much of our crime and misfortune. Thousands of premature graves tell of its ravages. Our workhouses are thronged with victims. Its baleful tyranny is cramming our jails with criminals.—'War Cry.'

# Correspondence

Dear Children,

I am afraid that some of you are growing very careless about the way you write your letters for our Correspondence Column.

In the first place, when you are renewing your subscriptions or writing to us on a matter of business, you must address your letter to John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' Montreal. But when you are sending a letter to the Correspondence Column, you should address it to the Correspondence Editor, 'Northern Messenger,' Montreal. You must not send both letters in the same envelope, and, certainly, you must not try and do your business and ordinary correspondence in one and the same letter. This precaution must be observed in order to avoid confusion in our business department which is quite separate from our editorial department.

Secondly, and very important too: Letters to the Correspondence Column must only be written on one side of the page; they must be neat and the separate pages should be pinned together. When writing the name of your post town, you should put the name of the province as well.

Try and remember these injunctions and so help your friend,

The Editor of the Correspondence Column.

FINDING THE TEXTS.

We have received from Mary Patterson of Millville, N. S., a beautifully written list of all the texts in the 'Find-the-Place-Almanac' since last May. She was able to find every one. We most heartily commend Mary's careful and conscientious work.—Editor.

Westbury-on-Severn, near Newnham,
Gloucester.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from England yet in the 'Messenger,' but hope to see this one in. I have three brothers and no sisters. We keep a shop called the 'General Stores,' and my one brother serves in it. I am ten years of age, and I have a cat which we call 'Bobs' after our great South Africa hero, Lord Roberts. My brother has three doves. My dear father died last May, after a long illness. Mrs. Sanderson, of Montreal, has kindly sent me this paper for three years, and we all like it very much. She has been to England twice, and stopped at our house both times. We have a lot of fowls and two horses which we call Violet and Polly.

ARTHUR THOMAS ROBERTS.

Little River, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much. We have three cats and no dogs. We have 18 head of cattle and two horses and 20 sheep. We have 12 hens and three geese and one little pig. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Brown. I went to school last quarter 46 days and a half. My papa is sick and has been sick for over six months and is no better yet. I have a cousin down at Sydney, her name is Susie McLoud.

MILLIE S. F. (Aged 10.)

Rosmere.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters in your paper from Rossmere, so I will write one. I go to Sunday-school and I get the 'Messenger' there. I have two miles and a half to go to school. I go all the time; when it is cold I stay at my grandma's, for her home is close to the school. My teacher's name is Mr. Stirling. I like him very well. I have got one little brother, he is about six years old; he got in front of the binder this summer when papa was cutting the grain and got one of his legs cut nearly off; it is better now, but left a big scar. He has for pets two dogs, named Pete and Dandy, and one pony, named Dobbin. I have for pets one doll, called Rose, one kitty and one little brown hen. I was nine years old on Oct. 17. ESSIE H.

Sunderland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school. I have one pet, a dog, her name is Jep. We have a horse and a cow and lots of chickens. My papa is a painter and paper-hanger. He is very busy. I have two sisters and a brother. My birthday is on May 12.

LAURA P.

Gibraltar.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the letters in the Correspondence. I am twelve years old. I have one sister and five brothers. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss L. M. Cameron, and all the scholars like her very much. I live in the country on a farm. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

JESSIE McF.

Garafraxa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often thought I would like to write you a letter. My father is a farmer, and we live about three miles from Grand Valley, where we go to church. We are building a nice new church which will soon be finished. I like to read the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' which we get every week at Sunday-school. My brother has a pet pigeon that we call Polly; she comes into our house and is quite at home. I have two sisters and two brothers, and I have a little cousin in British Columbia whose birthday is the same as mine, Dec. 29.

JESSIE F. P. (Aged 11.)

Mosboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from Mosboro, I thought I would write one. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. We had a Sunday-school entertainment and a Christmas tree. I have two miles to walk to school. Our teacher's name is Miss McWilliams. She was a missionary in India. I have two sisters both older than myself. My father keeps the post-office at Mosboro. We have a horse, a dog and a cat. My birthday is on Sept. 17. I am twelve years old.

AGNES F. C.

Acton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and like to read the Correspondence page. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Jan. 4. I have two dolls and two dogs. One is a little black and tan dog whose name is Jip and the other one's name is Spot, and he is a coach dog. We have two canary birds and a horse. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hynds. I like her very much. My school teacher's name is Miss Howes. I am in the third department.

HAZEL M. M.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I enjoy reading it. I am in the senior third book, and I like my teacher very much. His name is Mr. Lunan. I go to school every day. I go to Sunday-school regularly in the summer, but now as the snow is on the ground we cannot go for it is too far. I have two sisters and one brother. My birthday is on March 25, and my youngest sister's birthday is on the same day as King Edward VII.'s. We have one dog and two cats. One is a kitten and it will play with a string.

MINA I. M. (Aged 10.)

Gladstone, N. B.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and we like it very much. I am seven years old and have one little sister four years old. I had two pet cats one named Tabby and the other one Susie. One was killed the other day by the train. I live on a farm. E. V. S.

KIND WORDS.

Mrs. Eliza Bentley of 11 Fermanagh Ave., Toronto, kindly writes to us:

'I rejoice greatly over the 'Messenger' and often thank the Lord with tears of gratitude for the cheer it has brought to myself and for the privilege he has given me of sending it into several families. It must do good.'

# NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

A New Year's present that pleasantly recalls the donor throughout the ensuing year and that costs but a trifle, is the best kind. Here are a few such that will certainly delight your friends, and that will be valued far beyond the cost:

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Apples.

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'N. Y. Observer.')

Boiled apples have a queer sound, but they taste really delicious, boiled as a vegetable in with corn-beef, ham, fowl or joint of mutton. Of course the meat must be nearly done when the apples are put in, and they must be skimmed out before they fall to pieces. Some boil them in plain salted water, serving them with sugar and cream or a sweet sauce. Fried apples is a dish our forebears were partial to; for this they used Baldwins or any other tart apple, cutting them across the core in thick slices without paring, then frying them in hot pork fat and serving them with the rashers. Modern methods have changed this somewhat, since many do not eat pork, and the prevailing mode of preparation is to dip the slices into beaten egg and cracker dust, fry in swimming fat and serve with crisp bacon.

Apple fritters are used as an entrée, but they make an excellent addition to a cold weather supper. Pare and slice eight large tart apples, dip them in batter, fry in swimming fat and sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving. Make the batter with one egg well beaten, two-third cupful of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking- powder, sifted with one cupful of flour, dip the spoon into the batter, drop the piece of apple in the spoon, turn it over once then drop all into the boiling fat and the fritter will be shapely, light and toothsome.

Apple souffle is made from large, tart apples, cored, pared and steamed until tender, flavoring them by filling the core cavities with sugar and a pinch of nutmeg, or cinnamon and clove if preferred, then covering them with a soft custard, and last with a meringue, to be lightly browned. Use three eggs, the yolks, one pint of milk, half a cupful of sugar, and a pinch of salt for the custard, and the whites, three teaspoonfuls of sugar and a few drops of extract for the meringue.

A dish the children will enjoy is called, 'Woods in Winter,' made with small unstemmed apples, or what is still better, crab-apples, stewed, sweetened, and poured while hot over stale sponge-cake or thin slices of bread-and-butter. The apples should be placed so the stems are up. The hot syrup flavors the bread or cake, and a meringue over the apples and stems makes an effective bit of table decoration; do not brown this dish.

Another dish that the children like is pared and cored apples seasoned and steamed as for a soufflé, and served cold with whipped cream.

Apple float is a dainty dish, simple to make, yet for some reason counted among the desserts reserved for state occasions. Five good-sized apples are sufficient for a good-sized family. Pare and quarter them, steam until tender, then run through a colander and set where they will get ice cold. Add grated rind and juice of one lemon, one-half cupful of sugar and the whites of three eggs, beat to a froth and serve at once in a large glass dish. Apple float is made by using the three yolks for a soft custard, then heaping the snow upon the custard. This is prettiest when served in individual glasses.

A departure from the regulation apple pie, and one that finds favor with anti-crust eaters is the, meringue pie. Line a pie-plate with crust, fill it with stewed apple, seasoned, bake until the crust is done, and then cover with a meringue. Three egg-whites will be needed for a large pie. Serve plain apple sauce and baked apples often; baked sour apples as a meat sauce, and sweet ones with sweet cream, which, in the opinion of many cooks, ranks among the choicest of desserts.

## Items of Interest.

Paint or grease spots may be removed from woollen cloth by turpentine being rubbed on.

If tin vessels and saucepans are occasionally rubbed over with paraffine oil, they will retain their brightness longer.

Dissolve a little salt in the alcohol that is to be used for sponging clothing, particularly where there are greasy spots.

Do you know that a little ammonia added to the paste used for cleaning silver will halve the labor, double the lustre, and treble the time it will keep clean?

A little kerosene put on the dust cloth will brighten the furniture wonderfully, and prevent the dust from flying from one piece to the other.

Soft paper or old newspapers crumpled up and made soft with the hands are more effective for the polishing of mirrors, windows and picture glass than chamois or linen.

Andirons, lamps, candle-lanterns, or anything made of the wrought iron now so much used, can be freed from dirt by wiping the iron with a cotton cloth slightly dampened with kerosene oil.

Britannia-metal teapots should be rubbed with sweet-oil on flannel, then polished with rottenstone, and next washed with soap and hot water, and finished with wash leather and whiting powder.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

## Habits of Speech.

If a turkey is young the legs will be black and smooth, the eyes lively and the feet flexible; if old the eyes will be sunken and the feet dry. In choosing fowls see that their legs and combs are flexible, which means that they are young. If the legs and combs are rough and stiff they are old.

To swallow a pill easily without water, put the tablet or pill on the back of the tongue, rest the chin on the top of the chest, then swallow, and the pill will go down.

## Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions on or before

**JANUARY 31 1902.**

### An Old Friend's Welcome Words.

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